

The Slayer

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The Slayer

A storm raged through the small town of Haddonfield. Trees had been blown over, the power had been on and off all day, and the citizens had feared a complete outage. It seemed that every time the power went out in this town, Hell always broke loose. For Haddonfield was the hometown of the most feared killer in the world: Michael Meyers. Of course, it has been 26 years since his death, or what people believed his death was. All children have heard the legends of "the boogeyman", and this town has home to him. Of course, you can't kill the boogeyman...

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Leigh put her brother, Michael, into his bed. He looked up at her with his small black eyes. "Do you have a question? If so, ask it." Leigh said to her little brother. "What's the boogeyman? I heard some kids say that he was gonna kill me tonight." Leigh looked at her brother, eyes wide. "Who said that to you?" "Just some kids. I don't know their names yet. You know we just moved here yesterday."

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Leigh did know this fact. They did just move here, and she still didn't know the people at her school. "But what's the boogeyman?" Michael asked. Leigh sighed. Her brother was five years old and he still didn't know what the boogeyman was. "The boogeyman is an evil person that kills little kids at night. He has a pale face, black eyes, can't die, and never talks. Now, a man by the name Michael Meyers lived in this town. He killed his sister when he was nine years old. He was put in a psychiatric clinic but escaped when he was in his early twenties. He killed some people and went after his other sister. His doctor came and shot him in the head three times. Michael Meyers fell out of the window. When the doctor went to see where Michael had fallen, the body was gone." Staring up at Leigh with confused eyes, Michael asked, "How do you know all of this?" "I'm doing a report on serial killers for school." "What class?" her brother asked. "Why are you so curious all of a sudden? You asked who the boogeyman was and I told you. That's all you're getting out of me

tonight. Good night, Michael." "Good night, Leigh." Leigh turned the lights out and went down to the bathroom. She took a comb out of a drawer by the sink and combed her long black hair. She set the comb down and looked at herself on the mirror. She glanced at her paler than normal skin. She starred at her dark black eyes. The eyes of her father: the eyes of Michael Meyers.

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Oh Micheal, what a pity you don't understand You kill me in the heart with the knife in your right hand Oh, Micheal, you're so bad, can't you understand It's killers like you Mikei Oh, what you do Mikie, do Mikie Don't rip my heart, Mikie

End
file.